


My Mother Can See

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"After Only Three Months' Treatment
and She Was Nearly Blind for Years
With Cataracts," Says Mrs. M. H.
Southwick, Buffalo, N. Y.—Cure Was
Effected
By the ONEAL DISSOLVENT METHOD



Here is a letter Dr. Oneal received the other day. You will recognize its similarity to many others published here and elsewhere:

Dr. Oren Oneal, 52 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

"Dear Sir: Though my mother has only been using your remedy for three months, she has pronounced it the best she has ever used. I am very pleased in sending you the regular monthly report a letter expressing our gratitude for the relief it has given her. I am sure that you will have many faith in advertised remedies, but shall always be thankful that I made an exception in your favor and wrote you. As you know, she has been blind for over 20 years. Her cataract was half over the right. Now she can use both eyes with no difficulty whatever, reading, writing, and doing all the things that she used to fear from total blindness is in itself worth many times more than the amount your treatments have cost. Hoping that you may be

the good work, I remain gratefully yours,
MRS. H. H. SOUTHWICK.

78 Niagara Street.

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very voluntarily since longtime. Is it that one can to comprehend liking the vast bet

"Monsieur le Baron lodges with us; we have so much of the chambers," ventured Celline.

"Monsieur le Baron wishes to retire to his apartment," said Philippe, raising the ironing board. "Will madame be so good to enter our petit salon at the front, n'est-ce pas?"

The Baron stepped forth from his corner and bowed himself graciously out.

"Madame, my compliments—and to the admiral," said Monseigneur Bines. "Au revoir, madame—to the scintille—ant peut-être before little!"

On the farther side of his closed door the Baron Renault de Palliac swore—once. But

"Sacred name of a name!"

"Test! But the baron wasn't done eating," protested Mrs. Bines.

"Ah, yes, madame!" replied Philippe.

"Monsieur le Baron has consumed enough for now. Paul mon enfant, ne touchez pas le robe de madame! He is large, is he not, madame, as I have told you? A monstrous

Mrs. Bines, stooping, took the limp and wide-eyed Paul up in her arms. Whereupon he began to talk so fast to her in French

that she set him quickly down again, with the slightly helpless air of one who has

"Madame will honor our little salon," said Philippe, opening the door and bowing low.

"Quel dommage!" sighed Céline, moving after them; "la seule chemise blanche du Monsieur le Baron. Eh bien! il faut lui acheter une autre!"

Philippe then, after having Mrs. Rines related her adventure, to the unfeigned delight of her graceless son, and to the somewhat troubled amazement of her daughter.

"And you know," she ventured, "may-

"Oh, I guess he's a regular one all right."

"But his sitting there eating in that— that shirt—" said his sister.

"My dear young woman, even the nobility are prey to climatic rigors; they are obliged like the wretched low-born, such as our friend was, to wear the undergarment." Again, I understand from Mrs. Cadwallade here that the article in question was satisfactory and fit—red, I believe you say, Mrs. Terwilliger?

"Awful red!" replied his mother—"and that is the color of the parlor a saloon."

"And of necessity, even the noble have

"They needn't eat their lunch that way."

"Is doshable French for underclothes?" asked Mrs. Bines, struck by the word.

"Partly," answered her son.

"And the other part that child of Philippe's jabbered French! It's wonderful how they can learn so young."

"They begin early, you know," Percival explained. "And as to our friend the baron, I'm ready to make book that sis doesn't seem him gay, except at a distance."

Some time afterwards he computed the round sum he might have won if any such bets had been made; for his sister's list of

sultors, to adopt his own lucent phrase, wa
thereafter "shy a baron."

[To be Continued To-morrow.]

Monarch

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